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DETACHED ANECDOTES.

GOUT.

THIS formidable scourge and offspring of intemperance, has been cured in many instances by rigid temperance, and a total abstinence from wine, and all other fermented or spirituous liquors, and drinking only of water in their place. Where the attempt was made, before the constitution was broken down by the disease, a complete cure has sometimes been effected; and even in cases when the constitution had been enervated by previous severe attacks, a considerable mitigation of the symptoms has been experienced, and the periodical fits have become less frequent. This mode of attempting to cure appears more consonant to reason, than the contrary practice of stimulating the nearly exhausted powers to their injury, and administering alcohol in the form of wine, spirits, &c., under the pretext of keeping the gout from the stomach. By this fallacious mode of reasoning, many have been made complete drunkards by their own inclination, and the accommodating theory of the physician. By the one mode, the appropriate aliment of the disease is supplied; by the other, the fatally consuming fire is extinguished.

A late French author expresses himself thus gaily on the subject of this disease :

"In the whole list of maladies with which suffering humanity is afflicted, none is more common, and assuredly none less pitied, than the gout. It is a painful periodical affection, and appears to be better calculated to attract the pleasantries, than to excite the sympathy of one's

friends, notwithstanding the suffering may be extreme.

"A physician being called one day to a great personage of my acquaintance, the latter demanded, amidst his anguish, what could be the cause of this disease? The former replied, merrily, that the malady in question was called *fructus belli*, one of the accidents of war; which astonished his patient not a little, because he was of a very pacific profession, being a member of the long robe (a lawyer), who lived at a distance from the tumult of camps and the chances of battles, and who in truth never slept on his arms for a night, (*au bivouac*,) during the whole course of his life.

"I, who am subject to the gout myself, have a fellow feeling in respect to others; and I here present them with the result of a professional consultation: even those who have been afflicted will read it with pleasure, and it will inspire the more confidence, as the person from whom I received it practised his receipt on himself. This celebrated physician died in 1781, leaving behind him many posthumous writings of great reputation, and also the character of being a man at once amiable, learned, and generous. It is true, and perhaps this will spoil all, that being a friend of humanity, he was also a friend of philosophers, and, what is still worse, perhaps a philosopher himself; for this is the greatest of all public evils, and the only one that cannot be pardoned, the union and exercise of all the pious and social virtues being incapable of expiating it.

"It is pretended, that certain maladies descend from father to child; and that this is the case with the

gout I myself am a living example, being the son and grandson of persons afflicted with this disease: in conformity to this principle, I ought to be, and actually am, subject to it. After the two first fits, which took place at twenty-eight months distance from each other, (I was then between thirty-three and thirty-five years of age, and resided at the city of Rochelle,) one of my friends told me, he had just learned, that Doctor Tronchin, physician to a former Duke of Orleans, grandfather to him now in England, had radically cured that Prince, by the sole regimen of drinking two glasses of honey-water every morning fasting.

"Although I doubted greatly of the efficacy of such a simple prescription, yet I determined to render myself master of the fact; and resolved accordingly to address a letter to this physician. The following is the answer, written with his own hand:

"Paris, June 4, 1772.

"You are in the right, Sir, to distrust all secrets respecting the cure of the gout. There is only one known to me by experience, for I also have had the gout, although I begin to think I shall never have it again. This secret then, which I shall fairly and honestly confide to you, consists in peace of mind, temperance, exercise, and chastity.

"I confided this recipe, some time since, to the Duke of Orleans; he then followed, and still continues to practice it, although not quite so exactly as myself. Affairs of great importance, added to a delicious table, still derange sometimes the peace of his mind and the temperance of his body. In respect to these two points, I possess some advantage over him. Heaven, indeed, is thus pleased to deal out our lots in pretty equal portions; for, by be-

stowing on princes both riches and honours, it sometimes refuses both that peace of mind and temperance bestowed upon such as you and me: in fact, this is the true *honey-water* which will cure you, as it hath cured me, provided you unite with it exercise and chastity; and even if a perfect cure should not be attained, your disease will assuredly be rendered so supportable, that you will scarcely have any reason to complain.

"In fine, you may safely give my recipe to your friends, and I trust that your heart is good enough to allow you to bestow it on your enemies, if it should so happen that you possess any. Press them to remark, that whosoever leads a mild, sober, chaste, and active life, (and there are some corners of the earth where such men exist,) the gout, which is the daughter of idleness and the passions, is entirely unknown. Among these passions, the chief is intemperance, which not only errs as to the quality of aliments and liquids, but also exceeds in respect to the quantity.

"As to the *quality*, whatsoever is heating, strong, sharp, or salt, is bad for the gout. All fermented and spirituous liquors come under the same description. In respect to *quantity*, the digestion being always faulty in gouty people, the assimilating organs ought to be managed with discretion, so that they may not have too much to do at once. Dry and habitual frictions, together with constant but moderate exercise, ought to be promoted: watchfulness and late hours are both to be avoided; a sleep of seven hours duration, tranquillity, and gaiety of mind, these are the auxiliaries which efficaciously aid the digestion of the stomach, and contribute to the sanity of the body.

"What some frequently attempt to remove by external remedies, is

generally nothing more than either the effect, or the critical deposition of the gout, which, provided it is not regenerated, terminates the malady. On these occasions, however painful the patient may feel himself, he has ample occasion for consolation.

"But to return to the Duke d'Orleans: the *honey-water* of which he made use from time to time, had not, properly speaking, the gout for its object; this was used merely as a mild and gentle purgative, which sympathises better with that disease than others of a more drastic nature, to which he never recurred; he was also bled once every four weeks, but since I became his body physician, he has never once lost an ounce of blood.

"By means of the 'secret,' which I have thus readily confided to you, his gout is nearly annihilated altogether, and his health is so completely re-established, that he has no further occasion for me. Behold, Sir, a true statement; for I have frequently communicated every thing, and the moral to be deduced becomes self-evident: it is, that if peace of mind, temperance, exercise, and chastity, succeed so well with princes, we may and ought to hope for great things in respect to ourselves; because it is far more practicable for us, than for them, both to become and remain masters of our passions, as well as to live soberly and chastely. Exercise alone is more easy to them than to us: they possess a greater number of horses. Were it not for some advantages, who would be a prince?

"I am charmed, Sir, that the explanation required by you, has procured me this opportunity to assure you of my respect, and

"I am, Sir, your most obedient,
"TRONCHIN."

TRANSFERABLE LOYALTY. "THE MAN OF UNSHAKEN PIETY TOWARDS HIS PRINCE."

Suetonius has left us a curious picture of one of the early Roman loyalists, in the person of Lucius Vitellius, father to the Emperor of that name. He, it seems, was the first who paid adoration to that paragon of princes, Caligula, not presuming to approach him but with his head veiled, and falling prostrate at his feet. When Claudius succeeded to the throne, he humbly requested of the profligate Messalina, that she would permit him to take off her slipper, and having obtained this favour, he constantly carried it about with him between his toga and his tunic, sometimes devoutly kissing it. He paid his court to the all-powerful freedmen of that reign, Narcissus and Pallas, by placing their golden images among his household gods. When Claudius celebrated the *secular-games*, Vitellius, paying his devoirs, gravely wished him *many* celebrations of the like kind. His loyalty, though somewhat peculiar, was thought so meritorious, that his remains were honoured by the senate with a public funeral, and his statue was erected before the rostra, with the inscription, "Of unshaken piety towards his Prince." The merit of this piety was doubtless estimated at an inverse ratio of that of its object.

[*Athenæum*.]

ENGLISH CREDULITY EXEMPLIFIED IN THE ACCOUNT OF THE DUMB DOCTOR.

An empirical adventurer, called the Dumb Doctor, made his appearance at Lynn, about four and twenty years ago, and, for a good while after, spent most of his time between that town and Wisbeach. It was given out that he had been deaf and dumb from his birth, and that he

was a native of New England, or some part of North America, where he had somehow (miraculously, or at least in some very extraordinary and wonderful manner no doubt,) acquired very deep knowledge and skill in the healing art; and after having performed great and astonishing cures in his own country, had actually crossed the wide Atlantic out of pure kindness and compassion to the sick and infirm folk of this kingdom, most of whose complaints he might be expected capable of removing. The tale very generally took with our good townsmen, and numbers of ailing people, gentle and simple, well-bred and ill-bred, from all quarters, flocked to the im-

postor for relief. Not a few of them also declared, that they had actually derived great benefit from his prescriptions. Thus he went on very prosperously, till an old acquaintance of his unfortunately came to town, blew him up, and blasted his hopes. He then suddenly decamped, and was never since heard of in these parts. It seems he had belonged to a company of strolling players, from which honourable fraternity he had been on some occasion expelled; upon which he took up the medical profession, pretending to be deaf and dumb, and a native of North America.

[*Richards' History of Lynn.*]

ORIGINAL POETRY.

TO S. D.

WITH A BRANCH OF SWEET-BRIAR.

How sweet, how short is beauty's power!

A passing, partial grace,
In bud, in blossom, or in flow'r,
In female form or face!

But when the flow'r pervades the tree,
The likeness is complete,
Between this fragrant shrub and thee,
For every leaf is sweet.

May 23, 1813.

X.

ODE TO MORNING.*

BY THE LATE JOHN BROWN OF BELFAST.

WRAPT in the russet robe of morn,
Mark that light ethereal throng,
On empurpled pinions borne,
Ocean's bosom flit along:

* It is uncertain whether this appeared in print before.

Harbingers of rosy day,
Daughters of the dewy lawn,
Who in sportive circles play
Ere the solar car came on.

To feeble gaze of mortal sight,
Orient vapours they appear,
But to all the powers of light
Morning's mandate thus they bear.

"Hag unhallow'd! horrid night!
Quickly clasp thy starry zone,
Fly before the flood of light,
Hence to nether worlds begone!

"With thee take, unhallow'd night!
The spectre gaunt, the viewless form,
And the fell malignant sprite,
Wont to stride the Stygian storm.

"Seize within thy sable arm,
The haggard ministers of Hell;
With thee take the mystic charm,
The philtre's force, and baneful spell.

"Cease to ravage, cease to roam
Wolf and tyger, foes to men,
Haste ye to your hideous home,
Shrink within your dreary den.